THE SCORNFUL LADY: A COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the

Theater Royal,

BY

His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher* } Gent.

The Seventh Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by *A. Maxwell* and *R. Roberts*, for *D. N.* and *T. C.* and are to be sold by *Simon Neale*, at the Three Pidgeons in *Bedford-street* in *Covent-Garden*, 1677.

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Scornful Lady.

A

COMEDY.

As it was acted with great Applause by the late KINGS MAJESTIES Servants, at the *BLACK-FRYERS.*

Written by FRANCIS BEAUMONT *and* JOHN FLETCHER, *Gentlemen.*

The Seventh Edition Corrected and Amended.

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Printed by *A. Maxwell* and *R. Roberts*, for *D. N.* and *T. C.* and are to be sold by *Langley Curtis* in *Goat Court* upon *Ludgate-hill.* 1677.

The Names of the ACTORS.

Elder LOVELESS, *a Sutor to the Lady.*
Young LOVELESS, *a Prodigal.*
SAVILL, *Steward to the Elder* LOVELESS.
LADY, *and* MARTHA } *Two Sisters.*
YOUNGLOVE, *or* ABIGAIL, *a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*
WELFORD, *a Sutor to the Lady.*
Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*
A { CAPTAIN, TRAVELLER, POET, TOBACCO-MAN, } *hangers on to Young* LOVELESS.
Wenches.
Fidlers.
MORECRAFT, *an Usurer.*
A Rich Widow.
Attendants.

THE Scornful Lady.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Loveleſſes, Savill *the Steward, and a* Page.

Elder Love.

BRother, is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Morecrafts* heart about your Mortgage?

Young Love. Hopelesly paſt: I have preſented the Uſurer with a richer Draught than ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he hath ſuckt in ten thouſand pounds worth of my Land, more than he paid for, at a gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this Houſe.

Yo. Lo. Faith mine was to make an Uſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perſwade a paſſionate Woman, or to leave the Land.

Yo. Lo. Make the Boat ſtay. I fear I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkneſs of the night, and the roughneſs of the waters, might eaſily diſſwade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your Fathers old Friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate to ſtay at home, marry, and propagate and govern in your Countrey, than to travel and dye without iſſue.

El. Lo. *Savil*, You ſhall gain the opinion of a better Servant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my Will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's Miſtris *Abigail*, Brother, the grave rubber of your Miſtris toes.

Enter

Enter Miſtris Abigail *the Waiting-woman.*

El. Lo. Miſtris *Abigail.*

Abig. Maſter *Loveleſs*, truly we thought your ſailes had been hoiſt: my Miſtris is perſwaded you are Sea-ſick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves ſhe her ill-taken-up reſolution ſo dearly? Didſt thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that ſhines, there's no removing her, if ſhe get a ſtiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they ſay a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Abi. When her Smock was over her ears; but ſhe was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

El. Lo. I prithee deliver my ſervice, and ſay, I deſire to ſee the dear cauſe of my Baniſhment, and then for *France.*

Abig. I'le do it. Hark hither, Is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you loſt your memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty Fellow.

Yo. Lo. O this is a ſweet *Brache.*

El. Lo. Why ſhe knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but ſhe offered me once to know her: to this day ſhe loves youth of eighteen: ſhe heard a Tale how *Cupid* ſtruck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never ſaw her; yet ſhe in kindneſs would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the laſt queens time once over: She was ſtruck when they acted Loves, and forſook ſome when they played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the ſervants ſay ſhe hoards old gold: and ſhe her ſelf pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldeſt ſon, or her Miſtris Husbands Clark ſhall be, that marries her, ſhall make her a Joynture of fourſcore pounds a year: ſhe tells tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I ſhall entreat you only to ſalute my Miſtris, and take leave; we'l part at the ſtayres.

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

La. Now, Sir, this firſt part of your will is performed: what's the reſt?

El. Lo. Firſt, let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

La. I ſhall take it as a favour done to me; though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable diſpoſition would have been ready to have done him freer curteſies as a ſtranger, than upon thoſe cold commendations.

Yo. Lo.

Yo.Lo. Lady, my ſalutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir, I hope you are the Maſter of your own occaſions.

Ex. Young Lo. Savill.

El.Lo. Would I were ſo. Miſtris, for me to praiſe over again that worth which all the world, and you your ſelf can ſee.

La. It's a cold room, this, Servant.

El. Lo. Miſtris.

La. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lo. Miſtris, another in my place that were not tyed to believe all your actions juſt, would apprehend himſelf wrong'd: But I whoſe virtues are Conſtancy and Obedience.

La. Abigail, make a good fire above to warm me, after my ſervants *Exordiums.*

El. Lo. I have heard and ſeen your affability to be ſuch, that the ſervants you give Wages to, may ſpeak.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' purpoſe.

El. Lo. Miſtris, your will leads my ſpeeches from the purpoſe. But as a man----

La. A Simile, Servant! This room was built for honeſt-meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies*, and *Metaphors?* If you have ought to ſay, break into't: my anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you. *El. Lo.* Miſtris, I came to ſee you.

La. That's happily diſpatcht: the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you. *La.* To be gone? *El. Lo.* Yes.

La. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many circumſtances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

El. Lov. I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

La. I? never apter. Faſt, good Servant, faſt.

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reaſon.

La. Moſt willingly: have you brought one that can ſpeak it?

El. Lo. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveneſs. *La.* You would ſtay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Miſtris, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with paſſions: but the thing by her commanded, is to ſee *Dovers* dreadful Cliff, paſſing in a poor Water-houſe, the dangers of the mercileſs Channel 'twixt that and *Callis*, five long

long hours ſail, with three poor weeks victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an Engliſh Hoſt, to remove from City to City, by moſt chargeable Poſt-horſe, like one that rode in queſt of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all theſe (almoſt invincible labours) performed for your Miſtris, to be in danger to forſake her, and put on new allegeance to ſome *French* Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter; and after your whole year ſpent in Tennis and broken ſpeech, to ſtand to the hazzard of being laught at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much. *La.* Lowder yet.

El. Lo. You know your leaſt word is of force to make me ſeek out dangers; move me not with toys: but in this baniſhment I muſt take leave to ſay you are unjuſt: was one kiſs forc't from you in publick, by me, ſo unpardonable? Why all the hours of day and night have ſeen us kiſs.

La. 'Tis true, and ſo you told the company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

La. And ſo you told um.

El. Lo. I did; yet no ſign of diſgrace need to have ſtain'd your cheek: you your ſelf knew your pure and ſimple heart to be moſt unſpotted, and free from the leaſt baſeneſs.

La. I did: but if a Maids heart doth but once think that ſhe is ſuſpected, her own face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this diſgrace? The world that knew us, knew our reſolutions well: And could it be hop't, that I ſhould give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kiſt? Or could I in ſtrict wiſdom take too much love upon me, from her that choſe me for her Husband?

La. Believe me, if my Wedding-ſmock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come:
Were the Roſemary-branches dipt, and all
The Hippocraſs and Cakes eat and drunk off:
Were theſe two Arms encompaſt with the hands
Of Batchelors, to lead me to the Church:
Were my feet in the door; were I *John*, ſaid ſhe:
If *John* ſhould boaſt a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year: And you I hope,

When

When you have ſpent this year commodiously,
In atchieving Languages, will at your return
Acknowledg me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Than ſuch a friend: More talk I hold not now,
If you dare, go.

El. Lov. I dare, you know. Firſt let me kiſs.

Lady. Farwell, ſweet ſervant; your task performed,
On a new ground, as a beginning Sutor,
I ſhall be apt to hear you.

Elder Love. Farewell cruel Miſtris. *Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loveleſs and Savill.

Young Lo. Brother, you'l hazard the loſing your Tide to *Graveſend*: you have a long half mile by land to *Greenwich*.

El. Lo. I go: but Brother, What yet unheard-of courſe to live doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Young Lov. Courſe; why Horſe-courſing I think: conſume no time in this: I have no Eſtate to be mended by meditation: he that buſies himſelf about my fortunes, may properly be ſaid to buſie himſelf about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet ſome courſe you muſt take, which for my ſatisfaction reſolve and open: If you will ſhape none, I muſt inform you, That man but perſwades himſelf he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Yo. Lo. Why I'le live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that: you have fed others, and conſequently diſpos'd of um: and the ſame meaſure muſt you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'le Purſe; if that raiſe me not, I'le Bet at Bowling-Allies, or Man Whores: I would fain live by others: but I'le live whilſt I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

El. Lo. I ſee you are ty'd to no particular employment then.

Yo. Lo. Faith I may chuſe my courſe: they ſay Nature brings forth none, but ſhe provides for them; I'le try her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your feet out of baſe and dangerous paths, I have reſolved you ſhall live as Maſter of my Houſe. It ſhall be your care, *Savill*, to ſee him fed and cloathed, not according to his preſent eſtate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation

Jerſey Stockings, blew Devils Breeches, with the guards down, and my pocket i'th Sleeves: I'le ne're look you i'th face again.

Sav. A comlier wear I wiſs it is, than thoſe dangling Slops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all ſervice peaceably, and him to command you reaſonably: I leave theſe further directions in writing, which at your beſt leiſure together open and read.

Enter Abigail to them with a Jewel.

Abig. Sir, My Miſtris commends her love to you in this token, and theſe words; It is a Jewel (ſhe ſays) which as a favour from her ſhe would requeſt you to wear till your years travel be performed; which once expired, ſhe will happily expect your happy return.

El. Lo. Return my ſervice with ſuch thanks, as ſhe may imagine the heart of a ſuddenly over-joyed man would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I ſhall with ſlender arguments perſwade to wear this Diamond; that when my Miſtris ſhall through my long abſence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may caſt your eye down to your finger, and remember and ſpeak of me. She will hear thee better than thoſe allied by birth to her; as we ſee many men much ſwayed by the Grooms of their Chambers; not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others; but for they know their ſecrets.

Abig. A my credit I ſwear I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Sutors.

Elder Love. I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their ſhirts at waſhing, or to make the Maid ſwear they found Plaiſters in their bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and do you not fear the Sutors.

El. Lo. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy: the night calls me.

Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.

Abig. The gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir: a conſtant and a liberal Lover thou art, more ſuch God ſend us.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let um not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.

Abig. A Sutor I know by his riding hard: I'le not be ſeen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would look freſhly.

Abig. You have delivered your Errand to me then: there's no danger in a handſom young fellow: I'le ſhew my ſelf.

Wel. Lady, May it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a ſtranger the ordinary grace of ſalutation. Are you the Lady of this Houſe?

Abig.

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my ſo late acquaintance make me deſpair.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable words I remain your glad debtor. Is your Lady at home? *Abig.* She is no ſtragler, Sir.

Wel. May her occaſions admit me to ſpeak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to perſwade her, that a Gentleman benighted and ſtrayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this meſſage to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the Houſhold's of as good carriage and government; upon any of which, if you can caſt your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, tho not ſo coy. *Exit Abigail.*

Wel. What a skin full of luſt is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court-faſhion: Men, Women, and all woo, catch that catch may. If this ſoft-hearted woman have infuſed any of her tenderneſs into her Lady, there is hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger *the Curate.*

Rog. God ſave you ſir: My Lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your Name, before ſhe confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me *Welford.*

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. I'le try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two hundred years, ſir.

Roger. I knew a worſhipful and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Biſhoprick of *Durham.* Call'd you him Couſin?

Wel. I am only allied to his Virtues, ſir.

Roger. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the badg of your Chriſtianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Croſs? there's a teſter.

Roger. I mean the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry:* but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechiſm, for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name? *Rog. Roger.*

Wel. What room fill you in this Houſe?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldneſs know why your Lady hath ſent you to decipher my name?

Rog. Her own words were theſe: To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, diſguiſed in this Meſſage: for I can aſſure you ſhe delights not in *Thalame*: *Hymen* and ſhe are at variance. I ſhall return with much haſte. *Exit Roger.*

Wel. And much ſpeed ſir, I hope: certainly I am arrived amongſt a Nation of new-found fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit: if I had foreſeen it, I would have laded my breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glaſſes, to trade with women for their Virginities; yet I fear I ſhould have betrayed my ſelf to needleſs charge then. Here comes the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleaſure is to ſee you; who hath commanded me to acknowledg her ſorrow that you muſt take the pains to come up for ſo bad entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady that ſent it, and acknowledg you that brought it to be your Arts Maſter.

Rog. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Peaſe-ſtraw. *Wel.* A Cobler, Sir?

Rog. No, Sir, I do inculcate Divine Homilies within theſe Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this Houſe do often employ you on errands without any ſcruple of conſcience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot three or four miles for Eggs: but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man neglect his Horſe a little to attend on me.

Rog. Moſt properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do ſo then: and whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct all this Houſe in the true way?

Rog. I do Sir.

Wel. And this dore I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your underſtanding is ingenious. *Ex. ſeverally.*

Enter Young Loveleſs *and* Savil *with a Writing.*

Sa. By your favour, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall bear your favour, Sir, croſs me no more; I ſay they ſhall come in. *Sa.* Sir, you forget then who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not ; thou art my Brothers Steward, his caſt-off Mill-money, his Kitchen-Arithmetick.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make ſo little of me ?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art : for indeed there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you ſtir my duty, and I muſt tell you----

Yo. Lo. What wouldſt thou tell me how Hops grow? or hold ſome rotten diſcourſe of ſheep, or when our Lady-day falls ? Prethee farewell, and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy Table-books: and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I-----

Sa. Good Sir remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a fooliſh fellow, one that did put his truſt in Almanacks and Horſe-fairs, and roſe by Honey and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet ?

Sa. Nay then I muſt unfold your Brothers pleaſure : theſe be the Leſſons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prethee expound the firſt.

Sa. I leave to keep my Houſe Three hundred pounds a year, and my Brother to diſpoſe of it.

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked Steward, and I diſpoſe of it.

Sa. Whilſt he bears himſelf like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Mark that, my good young ſir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay if it be no more, I ſhall fulfil it : whilſt my legs will carry me, I'le bear my ſelf like a Gentleman; but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward dear Steward.

Sa. Next it is my will, that he be furniſht (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the obedience of my people.

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin breeches. Your wiſdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or----you underſtand me, ſir? Proceed.

Sa. Yet, that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildneſs with his care.

Yo. Lo. I'le hear no more, this is *Apocrypha* ; bind it by it ſelf, Steward.

Sa. This is your Brothers will ; and as I take it, he makes no mention of ſuch company as you would draw unto you, Captains of Gallery-foyſts, ſuch as in a clear day have ſeen *Callis* ; fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths comes to: they wear Swords to reach fire at a Play; and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe for their Guerdon : then the remnant of your Regiment are wealthy

To-

Tobacco-Merchants, that ſet up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlornhope of Poets: and all theſe look like *Carthuſians*, things without linnen. Are theſe fit company for my Maſters Brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee, O thou Pagan Steward, or preſently confound thee and thy Reckonings. Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen. *Sa.* Good Sir.

Yo. Lo. Nay, you ſhall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sa. Are you my Maſters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the ſage Maſter Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.

Sa. Then God help all, I ſay.

Yo. Lo. I, and 'tis well ſaid, my old Peer of *France:* welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen: mine own dear Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry-Groat.*

Capt. Sir, I will take your love.

Sa. Sir, you will take my Purſe.

Cap. And ſtudy to continue it. *Sa.* I do believe you.

Travel. Your honourable Friend and Maſters Brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and ſo we hug you, ſir.

Sa. Has given himſelf into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are theſe the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues; Men made of gold. *Sav.* Of your gold you mean, ſir.

Yo. Lo. This is a Man of War, and cryes go on, and wears his colours. *Sav.* In's noſe.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller, ſir, knows Men and Manners; and has plow'd up the Sea ſo far, till both the Poles has knockt; has ſeen the Sun take Coach, and can diſtinguiſh the colour of his Horſes, and their Kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare lept there.

Sa. 'Tis much. *Trav.* I have ſeen more, ſir.

Sa. 'Tis enough a conſcience; ſit down and reſt you, you are at the end of the World already. Would you had as good a Living ſir, as this fellow could lye you out of; he has a notable gift in't.

Yo. Lo. This miniſters the ſmoak, and this the Muſes.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money; you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your Brothers houſe is big enough, and to ſay truth, has too much land, hang it dirt.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations

tations, and thy Rent-Books, thou haſt a weak brain, *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a year; we will be freely merry, ſhall we not?

Cap. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely *Loveleſs.*

Poet. A ſerious look ſhall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company. *Trav.* We will not talk wiſely neither.

Yo. Lo. What think you, Gentlemen, by all this Revenue in drink?

Cap. I am all for drink. *Trav.* I am dry till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live ſober, ſeem wiſe, and dye o'th *Corum.*

Yo. Lo. It ſhall be ſo, wee'l have it all in drink, let meat and lodging go, th' are tranſitory, and ſhew men meerly mortal: then wee'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a freſh one: wee'l keep no powder'd fleſh: all theſe we have by warrant, under the title of things neceſſary. Here, upon this place I ground it; the obedience of my people, and all neceſſaries. Your opinions, Gentlemen?

Cap. 'Tis plain and evident he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good ſir let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as ſound men as your ſelf, ſir, to expound it.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it; In this word (*Neceſſary*) is concluded all that be helps to man; Woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Yo. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by theſe words, [*The Obedience of my people*] you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Cap. He is, he is. *Yo. Lo.* Steward, attend us for Inſtructions.

Sav. But will you keep no Houſe, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but Drink, Sir; three hundred pounds in Drink.

Sav. O miſerable Houſe, and miſerable I that live to ſee it! Good ſir, keep ſome meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good Whores: and for your part, *Savil*, I'le board you in an Alehouſe; you ſhall have Cheeſe and Onions.

Sav. What ſhall become of me! no Chimney ſmoaking!
Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come Lads, I'le warrant you for Wenches: three hundred pounds in drink.

Omnes. O brave *Loveleſs*! *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Lady, her Siſter Martha, Welford, Younglove, *and others.*

Lady, Sir, now you ſee your bad lodging, I muſt bid you good-night.

Welf. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little ſleep will eaſe that complaint. Once more good-night.

Wel. Once more, dear Lady, and then all ſweet nights.

Lady. Dear Sir be ſhort and ſweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my ſuit happier by this nights reſt?

Lady. Is your ſuit ſo ſickly, that reſt will help it? Pray ye let it reſt then till I call for it. Sir, as a ſtranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your Errand ere you came, your paſſage had been ſtraiter. Sir, good-night. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good-night. Nay ſir, you ſhall ſtay with me, I'le preſs your zeal ſo far.

Rog. O Lord, ſir! *Wel.* Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence I'le be bold.

Wel. Pray light it, Sir. How do ye like it?

Rog. I promiſe you it is notable ſtinging geer indeed; it is wet, ſir; Lord how it brings down rhume.

Wel. Handle it again ſir, you have a warm Text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promiſed for it: I promiſe you it is very powerful, and by a Trope ſpiritual, for certainly it moves in ſundry places.

Wel. I, it does Sir, and me eſpecially to ask ſir, Why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Aſſuredly I will ſpeak the truth unto you: you ſhall underſtand ſir, that my head is broken, and by whom, even by that viſible Beaſt the Butler.

Wel. The Butler! certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Caſſock! The offence, ſir.

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip, ſir, for ſwearing: you have the total ſurely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was ſet a tilt, and ſo he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But ſhall we ſee theſe Gentlewomen to night?

Rog. Have patience, ſir, until our fellow *Nicholas* be deceas'd, that is, aſleep, for ſo the word is taken; to ſleep, to dye; to dye, to ſleep; a very figure, ſir.

Wel. Cannot you caſt another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; his grave, his bed: the

the very ſame again, ſir. Our Comic Poet gives the reaſon ſweetly, *Plenus rimarum eſt*, he is full of loop-holes, and will diſcover to our Patroneſs.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, hath made me underſtand you.

Enter Martha *the Ladies Siſter, and* Younglove, *to them with a Poſſet.*

Roger. Sir be addreſt; the Graces do ſalute you with a full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd? *Abig.* He's ſafe.

Rog. And does he ſnore out ſupinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he outſnores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this curteſie ſhall bind a ſtranger to you, ever your ſervant.

Mar. Sir, my Siſters ſtrictneſs makes not us forget you are a ſtranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In ſooth Sir, were I changed into my Lady, a Gentleman ſo well endued with parts, ſhould not be loſt.

Wel. I thank you Gentlewoman, and reſt bound to you. See how this foul Familiar chews the cud: from thee and three and fifty, good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you ſit down and take a ſpoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady. *Mar.* It is our beſt banquet, ſir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewoman already, ſir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger* keep that breath to cool your part o'th Poſſet, you may chance have a ſcalding zeal elſe; and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your ſelf: would you could like this ſir.

Wel. I would your Siſter would like me as well, Lady.

Mar. Sure, ſir, ſhe would not eat you: But baniſh that imagination. She's only wedded to her ſelf, lyes with her ſelf, and loves her ſelf: and for another Husband than her ſelf, he may knock at the gate, but ne're come in. Be wiſe, ſir, ſhe's a Woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the leaſt of which is, ſhe cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, ſhee'l do worſe; would I were worthy his leaſt grief, Miſtreſs *Martha.*

Wel. Now I muſt over-hear her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadſt them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the ſweeter.

Mar. Well ſaid old Sayings.

Welf. She looks like one. Gentlewoman, you keep your word,

your ſweet ſelf has made the bottom ſweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change ſir?

Wel. My ſelf for you, ſo pleaſe you. That ſmile hath turn'd my ſtomack. This is right the old Emblem of the Moyl cropping of Thiſtles: Lord what a hunting head ſhe carries! ſure ſhe has been ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver me!

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? ſurely I know not: am I rub'd off? Is this the way of all my Morning-Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but graſs, and Woman as a flower. Did I for this conſume my quarters in meditations, vows, and wooed her in Heroical Epiſtles? Did I expound the Owl, and undertook with labour and experience the collection of thoſe thouſand pieces conſum'd in Cellars and Tobacco-ſhops, of that our honoured Engliſhman *N. B.*? Have I done this? and am I done thus to? I will end with the Wiſe-man, and ſay, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the tail.

Mar. Sir, 'tis ſo late, and our entertainment (meaning our Poſſet) by this is grown ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your reſt: let what the houſe has, be at your command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet reſt be with you, Lady; and to you what you deſire too.

Abig. It ſhould be ſome ſuch good thing like your ſelf then.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curſe, and all my iſſue. Good-night Antiquity. *Exeunt.*

Rog. Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris. But I alone.

Wel. Learned ſir, will you bid my man come to me? and requeſting a greater meaſure of your Learning, Good-night good Maſter *Roger.*

Rog. Good ſir, peace be with you. *Exit* Roger.

Wel. Adieu dear *Domine.* Half a dozen ſuch in a Kingdom would make a man forſwear confeſſion: for who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counſel of a ſerious ſin, to ſuch a cruel Night-cap?

Why how now, ſhall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.* Whoſe head do you carry upon your ſhoulders, that you jole it ſo againſt the poſt? Is't for your eaſe? or have you ſeen the Cellar? Where are my Slippers, ſir? *Ser.* Here ſir.

Wel. Where ſir? have you got the pot-verdugo? have you ſeen the horſes, ſir? *Ser.* Yes ſir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith ſir, they have a kind of wholſome Ruſhes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, ſo I take it.

Wel. You are merry ſir, and why ſo?

Ser. Faith, ſir, here are no Oats to be got, unleſs you'l have um in porridg, the people are ſo mainly given to ſpoon-meat: yonders a caſt of Coachmares of the Gentlewomans, the ſtrangeſt cattel!

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are tranſparent, ſir, you may ſee through them, and ſuch a houſe.

Wel. Come ſir, the truth of your diſcovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in Tribes like *Jews*; the Kitchin and the Dairy make one Tribe, and have their faction and fornication within themſelves: The Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love loſt: The Chambers are entire; and what's done there, is ſomewhat higher than my knowledg: but this I am ſure, between theſe Copulations a ſtranger is kept virtuous, that is faſting. But of all this, the drink ſir.

Wel. What of that ſir?

Ser. Faith ſir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three ſpoonfuls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold Palſie.

Wel. Sir, you be-lye the houſe.

Ser. I would I did ſir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Aſſes hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't ſir; for if it had proved ſtronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of theſe commendations. Light me the Candle, ſir, I'le hear no more.

Enter Young Loveleſs *and his Comrades, with Wenches and Two Fidlers.*

Yo. Lo. Come my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling:
And you my Learned Councel, ſet and turn boys:
Kiſs till the Cow come home: kiſs cloſe, kiſs cloſe Knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou ſhalt kiſs in couplets. *Enter with wine.*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.
This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my dear Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his ſolace.
Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois:* Let there be deducted out of our main pota-(tion,
Five marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh,
Crampt with this reſt of peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

Yo, Lo. Thou ſhalt have't boy, and flye in Feather:
Lead on a March, you Michers. *Enter* Savil.

Sa. O my head! O my heart! What a noiſe and change is here! would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and ne're have liv'd to ſee this diſſolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noiſe of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly Veſſels lye wrackt; and in the middle of this Deluge appears the tops of Flaggons, and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marſhes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come! My ſweet ſir *Æneas*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

Sa. Good ſir conſider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we conſider, Gentlemen? How ſay you?

Cap. Conſider, that were a ſimple toy y'faith: Conſider! whoſe Morals that? The man that cryes Conſider, is our foe, let my ſteel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing hand, he muſt not dye yet: prethee be calm my *Hector*.

Cap. Peaſant, Slave, thou Groom, compos'd of grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadſt ſeen *Pluto* elſe. The next *Conſider* kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again in a gallon of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a ſnuff, make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man loſt. Good Captain do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou ſhalt drink Steward: drink and dance my Steward. Strike him a Horn-pipe Squeakers; take thy Striver, and pace her till ſhe ſtew.

Sav. Sure, ſir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me: Pray break my head, and let me go.

Cap. He ſhall dance, he ſhall dance.

Yo. Lo. He ſhall dance, and drink, and be drunk; and dance, and be drunk again; and ſhall ſee no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveleſs *diſguiſed.*

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God ſave you all: my buſineſs is to one Maſter *Loveleſs*.

Cap.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promiſes no leſs, ſir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your buſineſs?

El. Lo. Sir, I ſhould let you know, yet I am loath; yet I am ſworn to't: Would ſome other tongue would ſpeak it for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I deſire, ſir, is the patience and ſufferance of a man; and good ſir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of Sack will do; here's my hand, prethee thy buſineſs?

El. Lo. Good ſir excuſe me; and whatſoever you hear, think muſt have been known unto you; and be your ſelf diſcreet, and bear it nobly. *Yo. Lov.* Prethee diſpatch me.

El. Lov. Your Brother's dead ſir.

Yo. Lo. Thou doſt not mean dead drunk?

El. Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at Sea ſir.

Yo. Lo. Art ſure he's dead? *El. Lov.* Too ſure ſir.

Yo. Lov. I but art thou very certainly ſure of it?

El. Lo. As ſure ſir as I tell it.

Yo. Lov. But art thou ſure he came not up again?

El. Lov. He may come up, but ne're to call you Brother.

Yo. Lov. But art ſure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lov. Sure ſir he wanted none.

Yo. Lov. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better: here, I forgive thee: and i'faith be plain, How do I bear it?

El. Lov. Very wiſely, ſir.

Yo. Lov. Fill him ſome wine. Thou doſt not ſee me mov'd; theſe tranſitory toys ne're trouble me; he's in a better place, my friend, I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curſt thee, and faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right uſe on't, friend. Off with thy drink, thou haſt a ſpice of ſorrow makes thee dry, fill him another. *Savil*, your Maſters dead, and who am I now, *Savil*? Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savil*, wipe, tears are but thrown away: we ſhall have Wenches now, ſhall we not *Savil*?

Savil. Yes ſir.

Yo. Lov. And drink innumerable?

Savil. Yes forſooth ſir.

Yo. Lov. And you'l ſtrain curſie, and be drunk a little.

Savil. I will ſtrive, ſir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lov.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Savil. In time the ſturdy Oak, ſir.

Yo. Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I ſhall be drunk anon for my good news: but I have a loving Brother, that's my comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, ſir, this is the worſt I wiſh you for your news: and if I had another elder Brother, and ſay it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I ſhould be ſtill the ſame you ſee me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my friend there, he's dry again.

El. Lo. I ſhall be, if I follow this beginning. Well my dear Brother, if I ſcape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to ſink, you ſhall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more: pray you let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. O Lord, ſir, 'tis your modeſty: more wine, give him a bigger glaſs; hug him my Captain, thou ſhalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my Penon: Sir, a full carouſe to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God I bear this out, and I'le ne're trouble them ſo far again. Here's to you, ſir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear Steward: down a your knees you Infidel, you Pagan, be drunk and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, ſir, and I'le be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a Bawd, I'le have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I muſt take my leave of you, my buſineſs is ſo urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling caſt before you go. Fill's a new ſtoop.

El. Lo. I dare not ſir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took, ſir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Yo. Lo. If you find any ſtirring, do but ſay ſo.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you ſhall aſſwage it, ſir, before another: this only, and farewel ſir. Your brother, when the ſtorm was moſt extream, told all about him, he left a Will, which lyes cloſe behind a Chimney in the Matted Chamber. And ſo as well, ſir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all: if you grow dry before you end your buſineſs, pray take a bait here: I have a freſh Hogs-head for you.

Sav.

Sav. You ſhall neither will nor chuſe ſir. My Maſter is a wonderful fine Gentleman, has a fine ſtate, a very fine ſtate, ſir: I am his Steward ſir, and his Man.

El. Lo. Would you were your own, ſir, as I left you. Well, I muſt caſt about, or all ſinks.

Sav. Farewel Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lov. What would you with me ſir?

Sav. Farewel Gentleman.

El. Lo. O ſleep ſir, ſleep. *Exit Eld. Lov.*

Yo. Lo. Well boys, you ſee what's faln, let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Sav. Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as I live. *Sav.* Drunk as I live, boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to diſcharge thine office, and caſt up a reckoning of ſome weight: I will be knighted, for my ſtate will bear it, 'tis ſixteen hundred, boys. Off with your huſks, I'le skin you all in Sattin. *Capt.* O ſweet *Loveleſs.*

Sav. All in Sattin! O ſweet *Loveleſs!*

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble Compeers; and this my Counteſs ſhall be led by two: and ſo proceed we to the Will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft *the Uſurer, and Widow.*

Mor. And Widow, as I ſay, be you your own friend: your Husband left you wealthy, and wiſe; continue ſo, ſweet duck, continue ſo. Take heed of young ſmooth Varlets, younger Brothers; they are worms that will eat through your bags: they are very Lightning, that with a flaſh or two will melt your money, and never ſinge your purſe-ſtrings: They are Colts (Wench), Colts heady and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for bonds. Look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment, Girl; matter of moment; you may meet with a worſe back, I'le not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, ſir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your favour, Widow, 'tis tuff.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: you know my ſtate; I ſell no Perſpectives, Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my truſt in ſhoo-tyes; and where your Husband in an age was riſing by burnt figs, dreg'd with meal, and powder'd Sugar, Saunders, and grains, worm-ſeed, and rotten Raiſins, and ſuch vile Tobacco, that made the foot-men mangy: I in a year have put up hundreds inclos'd. My Widow, thoſe pleaſant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage, for which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes for his

his Ale, and dares not beat his Hoſteſs: Nay more——

Wid. Good ſir, no more; what e're my Husband was, I know what I am; and if you marry me, you muſt bear it bravely off ſir.

Mor. Not with the head, ſweet Widow.

Wid. No ſweet ſir, but with your ſhoulders: I muſt have you dub'd, for under that I will not ſtoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyl, fed ill, made gain his exerciſe, and ſo grew coſtive, which for I was his Wife, and gave way to, and ſpun mine own ſmocks courſe, and ſir, ſo little: but let that paſs; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this Husband, who in penitence of ſuch fruitleſs five years marriage, left me great with his Wealth; which if you'l be a worthy Goſſip to, be knighted, ſir. *Enter Savil.*

Mor. Now ſir, from whence come you? Whoſe man are you ſir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Maſter *Loveleſs.*

Mor. Be ſilent, ſir, I have no money, not a penny for you; he's nk, your Maſter's ſunk, a periſht man ſir.

Sav. Indeed his Brother's ſunk ſir, God be with him, a periſht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How ſaidſt thou, good my friend, his Brother drown'd!

Sav. Untimely ſir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Maſter left ſole Heir. *Sav.* Yes ſir.

Mor. And he wants money.

Sav. Yes, and ſent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow be wiſe, there's more Land coming. Widow, be very wiſe, and give thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very wiſe, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me ſir.

Sav. What ſays your Worſhip to this money?

Mor. I ſay he may have the money if he pleaſe.

Sav. A Thouſand ſir.

Mor. A thouſand ſir, provided my wiſe ſir, his Land lye for the payment; otherwiſe----

Enter young Loveleſs, *and Comrades to them.*

Sav. He's here himſelf ſir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear friend, and worthy Maſter *Loveleſs*, and now Right Worſhipful, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lov. Thanks to my dear Incloſer, Maſter *Morecraft*, prethee old Angel-gold, ſalute my Family, I'le do as much for thine: this and your own deſires, fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours ſir, if you mean well. 'Tis a handſom Gentleman.

Yo. Lov. Sirrah, my Brothers dead.

Mor.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time ſouſt for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Drown'd! drown'd at Sea man! by the next freſh Conger that comes we ſhall hear more.

Mor. Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Aſs, and weep for the dead? why I thought nothing but a general inundation would have mov'd thee: prethee be quiet, he hath left his Land behind him.

Mor. O! has he ſo!

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all boy: haſt any ready money?

Mor. Will you ſell, ſir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out-right, good Gripe: marry, a Mortgage, or ſuch a slight ſecurity.

Mor. I have no money fit for Mortgage: if you will ſell, and all or none, I'le work a new Mine for you.

Sav. Good ſir look afore you, he'l work you out of all elſe: if you ſell your Land, you have ſold your Countrey, and then you muſt to Sea, to ſeek your Brother, and there lye pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with Biskets and hard Beef, that muſt have watering, ſir; and where's your Three hundred pounds a year in drink then? If you'l turn up the *Straights*, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no ſcoring but on your ſhip ſides; and then if you ſcape with life, and take a faggot Boat, and a bottle of *Uſquebaugh*, come home poor man, like a type of *Thameſtreet*, ſtinking of Pitch and *Poor John*. I cannot tell ſir, I would be loath to ſee it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Aſs, a meazel'd Mungrel; and were it not againſt the peace of my ſoveraign friend here, I would break your fore-caſting Coxcomb, Dog I would, even with thy ſtaff of Office there, thy Pen and Inkhorn. Noble boy, the god of Gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Conſtitution, thy ſeat unhealthful: ſell and be wiſe; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart, child: Mirth ſhall be only ours, and only ours ſhall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the time. Money makes men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the nobleſt courſe; then you may live without the charge of people, only we four will make a Family; I, and an Age that will beget new *Annals*, in which I'le write thy Life, my Son of Pleaſure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What men were they, Captain?

Cap. Two roaring Boys of *Rome* that made all ſplit.

Yo. Lo. Come ſir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not ſell, ſir.

Yo. Lo. Who told you ſo, ſir?

Sav. Good ſir have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'le tack your tongue up to your roof. What money? ſpeak.

Mor. Six thouſand pounds, ſir.

Cap. Take it; he has overbidden by this hand: bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come ſtrike me luck with Earneſt, and draw the Writings.

Mor. There is ſix Angels in earneſt.

Sav. Sir, for my old Maſters ſake let my Farm be excepted; if I become his Tenant, I am undone, my Children beggars, and my Wife God knows what: conſider me, dear ſir.

Mor. I'le have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in, diſpatch the Writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow; would thou wert wiſer.

Sav. Now do I ſenſibly begin to feel my ſelf a Raſcal: would I could teach a School, or beg, or lye well; I am utterly undone: now he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his mercy. *Exit* Sav.

Mor. Come Widow, come, never ſtand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a meer paper Honour, and not proof enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, I'le make thee----

Wid. To anſwer in ſhort, 'tis this ſir, No Knight, no Widow; if you make me any thing, it muſt be a Lady: And ſo I take my leave.

Mor. Farewel ſweet Widow, and think of it. (*Exit Widow.*

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream ſir.

Mor. She's rich and ſober, if this itch were from her: and ſay I be at the charge to pay the Footmen and the Trumpets, I and the Horſemen too, and be a Knight, and ſhe refuſe me then; then am I hoiſt into the Subſidy, and ſo by conſequence ſhould prove a Cox-comb: I'le have a care of that. Six thouſand pound, and then the Land is mine. There's ſome refreſhing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. 1.

Enter Abigail, *and drops her Glove.*

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my reſt, and I know I ſhall draw him.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt pamper'd piece of fleſh towards fifty, that ever frailty cop't withall; what a trim *lenvoy* here ſhe has put upon me! theſe Women are a proud kind of Cattel, and love this Whoreſon doing ſo directly, that they will not ſtick to make their very skins Bawds to their fleſh. Here's Dogskin and Storax ſufficient to kill a Hawk: what to do with it, beſide nailing it up amongſt *Iriſh* heads of Teer, to ſhew the mightineſs of her palm, I know not: there ſhe is. I muſt enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have loſt your Glove.

Abig. No ſir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, Lady, to reſtore it.

Abig. It will be uncivil in me to take back a Favour Fortune hath ſo well beſtowed: ſir, pray wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But hark you Miſtreſs, what hidden virtue is there in this Glove, that you would have me wear it? Is't good againſt ſore eyes? Or will it charm the Tooth-ake? Or theſe red tops being ſteept in White-wine ſoluble, wil't kill the Itch? Or has it ſo conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from Bonds? If it have none of theſe, and prove no more but a bare Glove of half a Crown a pair, 'twill be but a half courteſie, I wear two always: 'faith let's draw cuts, one will do me no pleaſure.

Abig. The tenderneſs of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance; he's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood ſhould ſtir no higher: but 'tis his want of company, I muſt grow nearer to him. *Enter Elder* Loveleſs *diſguiſed.*

El. Lo. God ſave you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is ſomewhat rude; how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why through the dores, they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what buſineſs have you here.

El. Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow ſpeak with? Art thou ſober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to ſleep.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'ſt be, a Soldier.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with Women: I come here to ſpeak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one ſo gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet, I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I ſhall be fine ſir. Lady, if there be a better of your Sex within this Houſe, I ſay I would ſee her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, ſir?

El. Lo. Your way you'l be too good; pray end my buſineſs. This is another Sutor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntneſs hopes to do more than the long ſuits of a thouſand could: though he be ſowr, he's quick, I muſt not truſt him. Sir, this Lady is not to ſpeak with you, ſhe is more ſerious: you ſmell as if you were new calkt; go and be handſome, and then you may ſit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you, ſir?

Wel. Troth gueſs by my outſide.

El. Lo. Then I take you, ſir, for ſome new ſilken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that ſhall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Miſtreſs.

Abig. How many lives haſt thou, that thou talkeſt thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life, ſir, maintain you ever in ſuch bold ſawcineſs?

El. Lo. Yes, amongſt a Nation of ſuch men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing. Shall I ſpeak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth ſhall you not.

El. Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing I'le tell you:
This is no place for ſuch companions:
Such lowſie Gentlemen ſhall find their buſineſs
Better i'th' Suburbs; there your ſtrong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, ſhall reek in faſhion.

This

This is no *Thameſtreet*, ſir.

Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.
Prethee be ſatisfied, and ſeek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or what ever title elſe
The warlike Eel-boats have beſtowed upon thee,
Go and reform thy ſelf, prethee be ſweeter,
And know my Lady ſpeaks with no ſuch Swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of Wit you pick from Plays: go to, I have found ye:
And for you, tender ſir, whoſe gentle blood
Runs in your noſe, and makes you ſnuff at all
But three pil'd people; I do let you know
He that begot your Worſhips Sattin Suit,
Can make no men, ſir: I will ſee this Lady,
And, with the reverence of your Silkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not ſure.

El. Lo. Sure, ſir, I ſhall.

Abig. You would be beaten out.

El. Lo. Indeed I would not; or if I would be beaten,
Pray who ſhall beat me? This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th peace.

Wel. Sir, you ſhall ſee that: will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes that, that ſhall correct your boys tongue.
Dare you fight? I will ſtay here ſtill. *They draw.*

Abig. O their things are out! help, help for Gods ſake.
Madam, they foin at one another.
Madam! why who is within there? *Enter Lady.*

Lady. Who breeds this rudeneſs?

Wel. This uncivil fellow.
He ſays he comes from Sea, where I believe
H'as purg'd away his Manners.

Lady. Why, what of him?

Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God bleſs you,
Preſs to your privacies; and no denial
Muſt ſtand betwixt your perſon and his buſineſs:
I let go his ill language.

Lady. Sir, have you buſineſs with me?

El. Lo. Madam, ſome I have,
But none ſo ſerious to pawn my life for't:
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you

Such

Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of employment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

La. Pray ſtay ſir; who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I think he did no honour, to deny
The haſte I come withal, a paſſage to you,
Though I ſeem courſe.

Lady. Excuſe me gentle ſir, 'twas from my knowledg,
And ſhall have no protection. And to you, Sir,
You have ſhew'd more heat than wit; and from your ſelf
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,
To do thoſe vild unmanly things: My houſe
Is no blind ſtreet to ſwagger in; and my Favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deſerts
So far, that I ſhould make you Maſter of my buſineſs.
My credit yet ſtands fairer with the people,
Than to be try'd with Sword. And they that come
To do me ſervice, muſt not think to win me
With a hazzard of a Murther. If your love
Conſiſt in fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in honour of ſome common Miſtreſs,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel. You muſt have it. *Exit* Welford.

Lady. Now Sir, your buſineſs?

El. Lo. Firſt, I thank you for ſchooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I ſhould rail at you; but you are a woman,
And anger's loſt upon you.

Lady. Why at me, Sir?
I never did you wrong: for, to my knowledg,
This is the firſt ſight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I muſt confeſs I have the leaſt ſhare in,
Becauſe the leaſt acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thouſands, when they ſhall know what I deliver,

(As

(As all good men muſt ſhare in't) will to ſhame
Blaſt your black memory.
Lady. How is this, good ſir ?
El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a ſoul, will choak it.
Y'ave kill'd a Gentleman.
Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman !
El. Lo. You and your Cruelty have kill'd him, woman,
And ſuch a man (let me be angry in't)
Whoſe leaſt worth weighed above all womens Vertues
That are: I ſpare you all to come too. Gueſs him now.
Lady. I am ſo innocent, I cannot ſir.
El. Lo. Repent you mean : Are you a perfect woman,
And as the firſt was, made for mans undoing?
Lady. Sir, you have miſt your way, I am not ſhe.
El. Lo. Would he had miſt his way too, though he had
Wander'd farther than women are ill ſpoken of,
So he had miſt this miſery, you Lady.
Lady. How do you do, Sir ?
El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep my ſelf from temptations.
Lady. Pray leap into the matter : Whither would ye?
El. Lo. You had a Servant that your peeviſhneſs
Injoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and ſhould be griev'd 'twere otherwiſe.
El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead:
How you will anſwer for his worth, I know not :
But this I am ſure, either he, or you, or both
Were ſtark mad; elſe he might have liv'd
To have given a ſtronger teſtimony to the world
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after
Forc'd by tyrant-ſtorm, our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us: in which ſad parting-blow,
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for life,
On you unhappy Woman ; and whilſt all
Sought to preſerve their ſouls, he deſperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that ſaw it;
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Loveleſs*; and I ſcap't the ſtorm,

And

And now you have my buſineſs.

Lady. 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that ſtorm, he had not periſht.
If you'l rail now, I will forgive you, ſir.
Or if you'l call in more, if any more
Come from his ruin, I ſhall juſtly ſuffer
What they can ſay. I do confeſs my ſelf
A guilty cauſe in this. I would ſay more,
But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this well: theſe women are ſtrange things:
'Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weep;
You ſhould have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with theſe tears at home.

Lady. Would you had told me then ſo, theſe two arms had been his Sea.

El. Lo. Truſt me, you move me much: but ſay he lived, theſe were forgotten things again.

La. I, ſay you ſo? Sure I ſhould know that voice: this is knavery, I'le fit you for it. Were he living, ſir, I would perſwade you to be charitable, I, and confeſs we are not all ſo ill as your opinion holds us. Oh my friend, what penance ſhall I put upon my fault, upon my moſt unworthy ſelf for this?

El. Lo. Leave them to others, 'twas ſome jealouſie
That turn'd him deſperate.

Lady. I'le be with you ſtraight: are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confeſs there is a Gentleman
Has born me long good will.

El. Lo. I do not like that.

Lady. And vowed a thouſand ſervices to me, to me regardleſs of him: But ſince Fate, that no Power can withſtand, has taken from me my firſt and beſt Love, and to weep away my youth is a meer folly, I will ſhew you what I determine ſir, you ſhall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there. That Gentleman I mean to make the model of my Fortunes, and in his chaſte embraces keep alive the memory of my loſt lovely *Loveleſs:* He is ſomewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes certainly ſir.
Though it pleaſe you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I ſhall perſwade you otherwiſe.

El. Lo. I have made my ſelf a fine fool. *Enter* Welford.

Wel.

Wel. Would you have ſpoken with me, Madam?

Lady. Yes Mr. *Welford*, and I ask your pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward: this kiſs, and henceforth more affection.

El. Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a ſudden paſſion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his fear, ſure has
Perſwaded her. I'le give him a new ſuit on't.

Lady. A parting kiſs, and good ſir let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another world. Madam, where you pleaſe. *Ex. Welf.*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't ſhall go hard but I'le be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now ſir you ſee I am no ſuch hard-hearted creature
But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your loſt Love.

Lady. Alas ſir, What would you have me to do? I cannot call him back again with ſorrow; I'le love this man as dearly, and beſhrow me I'le keep him far enough from Sea: and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wiſe woman, that my firſt Love ſhould be drown'd; and ſee, 'tis come about.

El. Lo. I would ſhe had told you, your ſecond ſhould be hang'd too, and let that come about. But this is very ſtrange!

La. Faith ſir, conſider all, and then I know you'l be of my mind. If weeping could redeem him, I would weep ſtill.

El. Lo. But ſay that I were *Loveleſs*,
And ſcap't the ſtorm, how would you anſwer this?

Lady. Why for that Gentleman I would leave all the World.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

Lady. This young thing too,
Or any young thing elſe: why, I would loſe my ſtate.

El. Lo. Why then he lives ſtill, I am he, your *Loveleſs*.

Lady. Alas I knew it ſir, and for that purpoſe prepared this Pageant: get you to your task, and leave theſe Players tricks, or I ſhall leave you, indeed I ſhall. Travel, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promiſe, take your choice. Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman.
I muſt do ſomething. *Exit* Loveleſs.

Wel. Miſtreſs, I am bold. *Enter* Welford.

Lady. You are indeed.

Wel. You ſo overjoyed me, Lady.

Lady. Take heed you ſurfeit not; pray faſt and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this light and to morrows light I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you ſhall never find it.

Wel. I like this mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You ſhall have more on't.

Wel. I muſt kiſs you. *Lady.* No ſir.

Wel. Indeed I muſt.

Lady. What muſt be, muſt be: I'le take my leave: you have your parting-blow: I pray commend me to thoſe few friends you have, that ſent you hither, and tell them, When you travel next, 'twere fit you brought leſs Bravery with you, and more Wit; you'l never get a Wife elſe. *Wel.* Are you in earneſt?

Lady. Yes faith. Will you eat ſir? your Horſes will be ready ſtraight; you ſhall have a Napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then? *Lady.* Yes for that face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt; the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks yours is none of the beſt, Lady.

Lady. No by my troth ſir; yet o' my conſcience
You would make ſhift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

Lady. I will not, Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentleman's Horſes, he's in haſte; and ſet ſome cold meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you Lady: take your Chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel young man. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one; Farewel, and may the curſe of a great Houſe fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devil and all his works are in theſe women; would all of my Sex were of my mind, we would make um a new *Lent*, and a long one, that fleſh might be in more reverence with them. *Enter* Abigail *to him.*

Ab. I am ſorry Maſter *Welford.*

Wel. So am I, that thou art here.

Abig. How does my Lady uſe you?

VVel. As I would uſe thee, ſcurvily.

Abig. I ſhould have been more kind, ſir.

VVel. I ſhould have been undone then. Pray leave me, and look to your ſweet-meats. Hark, your Lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I ſhall borrow ſo much time without offence.

VVel.

VVel. Thou art nothing but offence; for love's ſake leave me.

Abig. 'Tis ſtrange my Lady ſhould be ſuch a Tyrant.

VVel. To ſend you to me: pray go ſtitch, good do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will (if I ſaid love, I lyed not) ſhould any way deſerve this.

Wel. A thouſand ways, a thouſand ways: ſweet creature let me depart in peace.

Abig. What creature, ſir? I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think by your noiſe.

Abig. Since you are angry, ſir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib.

Wel. Of a roaſted Horſe.

Abig. Conſter me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better: Farewel Counteſs, and commend me to your Lady, tell her ſhe's proud and ſcurvey; and ſo I commit you both to your Tempter.

Abig. Sweet Maſter *Welford.*

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus:* Go daub your ruins; thy face looks fouler than a ſtorm: the Foot-man ſtays you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I ſhould know it by your gentle conditions: are theſe fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye. Sirrah! my Horſes! Farewell old Adage, keep your noſe warm, the Rheume will make it horn elſe. *Exit* Welford.

Abig. The bleſſings of a prodigal young heir be thy companion, *Welford.* Marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums grown ſo tender, they cannot bite? A skittiſh Filly will be your fortune, *Welford*, and fair enough for ſuch a pack-ſaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to ſee her made to amble to your hand. *Exit* Abig.

Enter Young Loveleſs *and Comrades*, Morecraft, Widow, Savil, *and the reſt.*

Cap. Save thy brave ſhoulder, my young puiſſant Knight; and may thy backſword bite them to the bone that love thee not; thou art an errant man, go on. The circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the man that tills, thy ſword muſt be thy Plow, and *Jove* it ſpeed. *Mecha* ſhall ſweat, and *Mahomet* ſhall fall, and thy dear name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It ſhall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou ſhalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I ſhall deſerve ſome of your love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou ſhalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garriſon, be rul'd, and open to me thoſe infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels paſs again, and I will ſtile thee noble; nay *Don Diego*, I will woo thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight ſhall feaſt her with high meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me Captain, y'are beſide my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No, Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captains meaning I ſhould prepare her for ye. *Cap.* Or provoke her.
Speak my modern man, I ſay provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I ſay ſo too, or ſtir her to it; ſo ſay the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howſoever you expound it ſir, ſhe's very welcome, and this ſhall ſerve for witneſs. And Widow, ſince y' are come ſo happily, you may deliver up the keys, and free poſſeſſion of this houſe, whilſt I ſtand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me.
'Tis a miſery to ſay you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis paſt that, Widow; come ſit down, ſome Wine there: there is a ſcurvy banquet, if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair houſe is yours, ſir. *Savil?* *Sav.* Yes ſir.

Yo. Lo. Are your keys ready? I muſt eaſe your burthen.

Sav. I am ready ſir to be undone, when you ſhall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou ſhalt live better.

Sav. I ſhall have leſs to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields ſunning againſt a bank, with half a breech among um, I ſhall be with um ſhortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this Raſcal; what ſhall become of my poor Family? they are no ſheep, and yet they muſt keep themſelves.

Yo. Lo. Drink Mr. *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:
Nay, and you will not drink, there's no ſociety.
Captain, ſpeak loud, and drink. Widow, a word?

Cap. Expound her throughly, Knight. Here god a gold, here's to thy fair poſſeſſions. Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimneys ſmoke, feed men o' War, live and be honeſt, and be ſaved yet.

Mor. I thank you worthy Captain for your counſel; you keep your Chimneys ſmoaking there, your noſtrils; and when you can, you feed a man of War; this makes you not a Baron, but a Bare-one: and how or when you ſhall be ſaved, let the Clerk o'th Company you have commanded, have a juſt care of.

Poet. The man is much moved. Be not angry ſir, but as the Poet ſings,

ſings; Let your diſpleaſure be a ſhort fury, and go out. You have ſpoke home and bitterly to me, ſir: Captain, take truce, the Miſer is a tart and witty Whorſon.

Cap. Poet, you fain perdie; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he muſt tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a Neats-tongue, and only ſerves to lick his hungry chaps after a purchaſe: his brains and brimſtone are the Devils diet to a fat Uſurers head: to her knight, to her, clap her aboard, and ſtow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend and *Savil*, ſir.

Cap. Away, th'art rich in tenements of Nature. Firſt in thy face, thou haſt a ſerious face, a betting, bargaining, and ſaving-face, a rich face; pawn it to the Uſurer; a face to kindle the compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Sav. 'Tis ſuch I ſhall not dare to ſhew it ſhortly, ſir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. Mr. *Morecraft*, Drink to this man of reckoning. *Mor.* Here's e'ne to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downward: would there were in't an aker of the great Broom-field he bought, to ſweep your dirty conſcience, or to choak you, 'tis all one to me, Uſurer.

Yo. Lo. Conſider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly buſineſs: Is it fit one of ſuch tenderneſs, ſo delicate, ſo contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin? Eat by the hope of ſurfeits, and lye down only in expectation of a morrow, that may undo ſome eaſie-hearted fool, or reach a Widows curſes: let out money whoſe uſe returns the principal; and get out of theſe troubles, and conſuming heir; for ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſary, you ſhall dye hated, if not old and miſerable; and that poſſeſt wealth that you got with pining, live to ſee tumbled to anothers hands that is no more a-kin to you, than you to his cozenage. *Wid.* Sir, you ſpeak well, would God that charity had firſt begun here. *Yo. Lo.* 'Tis yet time. Be merry; methinks you want wine there, there's more i'th houſe. Captain, where reſts the health. *Cap.* It ſhall go round boy.

Yo. Lo. Say you can ſuffer this, becauſe the end points at much profit; can you ſo far bow below your blood, below your too much beauty, to be a partner of this fellows bed, and lye with his diſeaſes? If you can, I will not preſs you further: yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound Uſurer, that man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unleſs his periſht lungs, his dry cough, or his ſcurvy. This is truth, and ſo far I dare ſpeak yet; he

has

has yet, paſt cure of Phyſick, Spaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones, and a' my knowledg he has been ten times rowel'd: ye may love him, he had a baſtard, his own toward iſſue, whipt, and then cropt, for waſhing out the roſes in three farthings, to make um pence.

Wid. I do not like the Morals.

Yo. Lo. You muſt not like him then. *Enter Elder* Loveleſs.

El. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth ſir you are welcome, welcome faith. Lord what a ſtranger you are grown: pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you pleaſe, theſe friends here: we are merry, you ſee the worſt on's, your houſe has been kept warm, ſir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it brother, pray God you are wiſe too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder Brother; and Captain, do you complement. *Savil* I dare ſwear is glad at heart to ſee you. Lord, we heard, ſir, you were drown'd at Sea; and ſee how luckily things come about!

Mor. This money muſt be paid back again, ſir.

Yo. Lo. No ſir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylors meaſures: I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has ſtew'd him in his own ſawce, I ſhall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am ſo glad: your Worſhip is the welcom'ſt man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din, ſuch diſmal drinking, ſwearing, and whoring, 't has almoſt made me mad: we have lived in a continual *Turnbal-ſtreet*. Sir, bleſt be the hour that ſent you ſafe again: now ſhall I eat and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother, diſmiſs theſe people.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while; meet me at my old Rendevouz in the evening; take your ſmall Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were beſt go prattle with your Learned Councel, I ſhall preſerve your money: I was cozened when time was; we are quit ſir.

Wid. Better and better ſtill. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirſty Uſurer that ſupt my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your Houſe and State: I was bold to make a little Sale, ſir.

Mor. Am I over-reacht? if there be Law, I'le hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prethee be gone and rave at home; thou art ſo baſe a fool I cannot laugh at thee. Sirrah, this comes of cozening: home, and ſpare, eat Rhadiſh till you raiſe your ſums again. If you ſtir far in this,

this, I'le have you whipt, your ears nail'd for intelligencing, to the Pillory, and your goods forfeit: you are a ſtale cozener, leave my houſe; no more———

Mor. A pox upon your houſe. Come Widow, I ſhall yet hamper this young Gameſter.

Wid. Good twelve i'th hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well ſaid Widow. Will you jog on ſir?

Mor. Yes I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I truſt a wild fool and a Woman,
May I lend gratis, and build Hoſpitals.

Yo. Lo. Nay good ſir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, ſhe's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor diſtreſſed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong ſir, he is a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy; yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance, I take it: Whatſoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be, Lady. Faith be not mercileſs, but make a man; he's young and handſome, though he be my brother, and his obſervances may deſerve your love: he ſhall not fall for means.

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak like a worthy Brother: and ſo much I do credit your fair language, that I ſhall love your Brother, and ſo love him----but I ſhall bluſh to ſay more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you ſhall not live to know that hour when this ſhall be repented. Now brother I ſhould chide, but I'le give no diſtaſte to your fair Miſtreſs, I will inſtruct her in't, and ſhe ſhall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you good Mr. *Savil*, and your Office, thus much I have to ſay, Y'are from my Steward become, firſt your own Drunkard, then his Bawd: they ſay y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keys, ſir *Savil*.

Sav. Good ſir conſider who you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my Brother's follies: Where's the beſt drink now? come tell me *Savil*. Where's the ſoundeſt Whores? Ye old He-goat: Ye dried Ape: Ye lame Stallion: muſt you be leaping in my Houſe your Whores, like Fairies dance their nights rounds, without fear either of King or Conſtable, within my Walls? Are all my Hangings ſafe, my ſheep unſold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What ſay you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav.

Sav. Good ſir forgive me, and but hear me ſpeak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou ſhouldſt be drunk ſtill, and not ſpeak; 'tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will ſir, if you will have it ſo.

El. Lo. I thank ye: Yes, e'ne purſue it ſir: do you hear? get a Whore ſoon for your recreation: go look out Captain *Brokenbreech* your fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I ſhall deliver theſe keys to one ſhall have more honeſty, though not ſo much fine wit, ſir. You may walk and gather Creſſes, ſir, to cool your Liver: there's ſomething for you to begin a diet, you'l have the Pox elſe: Speed you well, ſir *Savil:* you may eat at my houſe to preſerve life, but keep no fornication in the ſtables. *Exeunt omnes præter* Savil.

Sav. Now muſt I hang my ſelf; my friends will look for't.
Eating and ſleeping, I do deſpiſe you both now:
I will run mad firſt; and if that get no pity,
I'le drown my ſelf to a moſt diſmal dity. *Exit* Savil.

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Abigail *ſolus.*

Abig. Alas poor Gentlewoman! to what a miſery hath Age brought thee! to what a ſcurvy Fortune! thou that haſt been a companion for Noblemen, and at the worſt of thoſe times for Gentlemen; now like a broken Serving-man muſt beg for favour to thoſe that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of Fifteen, and ſo till five and twenty, uſe your time with reverence, that your profit may ariſe: it will not tarry with you, *ecce ſignum:* here was a face; but Time that like a ſurfeit eats out youth (plague of his iron teeth, and draw um for't) has been a little bolder here than welcome: and now to ſay the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th houſe of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunk, e'ne then when *Joan* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reaſon. My little *Levite* hath forſaken me; his ſilver ſound of Cittern, quite aboliſht: his doleful hymns under my Chamber-window, digeſted into tedious learning. Well fool, you leapt a Haddock when you left him: he is a clean man, and a good edifier, and Twenty nobles is his eſtate *de claro*, beſides his Pigs in *poſſe*. To this good Homiliſt I have been ever ſtubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners. And Love, if ever thou hadſt care of Forty, of ſuch a piece of lape ground,

ground, hear my prayer, and fire his zeal ſo far forth, that my faults in this renewed impreſſion of my love, may ſhew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter* Roger.

See how negligently he paſſes by me: with what an equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmine*, or added ſomething to the ſinging Brethren. 'Tis ſcorn, I know it, and deſerve it. Maſter *Roger*?

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*. *Rog.* Ungentle *Abigail*.

Abig. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you ſet your wit to a weak womans?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for ſo the Poet ſings.

Abig. I do confeſs my weakneſs, ſweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is loſt to you now) leave your prating, you have a ſeaſon of your firſt mother in ye: and ſurely had the Devil been in love, he had been abuſed like me. Go *Dalila*, you make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of women; theſe are fit texts: but once there was a time, would I had never ſeen thoſe eyes, thoſe eyes, thoſe Orient eyes.

Rog. I, they were pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, ſir, ſo they are ſtill.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beſeech you leave your cogging; what they are, they are, they ſerve me without ſpectacles, I thank um.

Abig. O will you kill me? *Rog.* I do not think I can. Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Chriſtian fear about you: For your own worſhips ſake.

Rog. I was a Chriſtian fool then: Do you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? Could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the ſtinking ſtir you put me in, I pray'd for my own royal iſſue. You do remember all this?

Abig. O be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it: ſurely I will be wiſer, *Abigail*, and as the *Ethnick* Poet ſings, I will not loſe my oyl and labour too. Y'are for the Worſhipful, I take it, *Abigail*.

Abig. O take it ſo, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like theſe tears well, and this humbling alſo; they are ſymptoms of contrition, as a Father ſaith. If I ſhould fall into my fit again, would you not ſhake me into a quotidian Coxcomb?

Would you not uſe me ſcurvily again, and give me poſſets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will do any thing, betray the ſecrets of the main Houſhold to thy reformation: My Lady ſhall look lovingly on thy learning; and when due time ſhall point thee for a Parſon, I will convert thy eggs to peny Cuſtards, and thy tythe-gooſe ſhall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well ſhall teſtifie this faithful kiſs: but have a great care Mrs. *Abigail*, how you depreſs the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edg of ſuch a folly cuts it ſelf.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow: here I vow a recantation to thoſe malicious faults I ever did againſt you. Never more will I deſpiſe your learning, never more pin Cards and Coney-tails upon your Caſſock; never again reproach your reverend night-cap, and call it by the mangie name of Murrin; never your reverend perſon more, and ſay you look like one of *Baals* Prieſts in the hanging; never again when you ſay grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; never cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs; nor when you ride, get ſoap and thiſtles for you. No, my *Roger*, theſe faults ſhall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I ſhould be hang'd, I muſt cry too. Come to thine own beloved, *Abigail*, and do even what thou wilt with me, ſweet, ſweet *Abigail*, I am thine own for ever; here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a Recreant, hang him i'th Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

Lady. Why how now Maſter *Roger*, no prayers down with you to night? Did you hear the Bell ring? you are courting; your flock ſhall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon: I'le chop up prayers (but ſtay a little) and be with you again. *Exit* Rog. *Enter* El. Lo.

Lady. How dare you, being ſo unworthy a fellow,
Preſume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* What ails the fellow?

El. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you, Lady, I would not for your Land be ſuch a Coxcomb, ſuch a whining Aſs as you decreed me for when I was laſt here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wiſe; 'tis a rare jewel in an Elder Brother: pray be wiſer yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wiſe; I do not come a wooing,

Indeed

Indeed I'le move no more love to your Ladiſhip.

Lady. What make you here then?

El. Lo. Only to ſee you, and be merry, Lady: that's all my buſineſs. Faith let's be very merry. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow: an hour or two well ſpent in wholſome mirth, is worth a thouſand of theſe puling paſſions. 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank Heaven there's one leſs for me, Lady.

La. You were never any, ſir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettieſt fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor, ſir.

El. Lo. Methinks your faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wiſe? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend theſe faces?

El. Lo. A Hogs face ſouſt is worth a hundred of um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought forth ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parſons, Lady.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not ſave you. O that I were in love again with a wiſh. *La.* By this light y'are a ſcurvy fellow; pray be gone.

El. Lo. You know I am a clean skin'd man. *La.* Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you would know it, that's as good: but not a ſnap; never long for't, not a ſnap dear Lady.

La. Hark ye, ſir, hark ye; get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horſe-fleſh for ſuch Hounds: will you go ſir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lov'd this woman! how I worſhipt this pretty calf with the white face here! as I live, you were the prettieſt fool to play withal, the wittieſt little Varlet; it would take: Lord how it talk't! and when I angred it, it would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no meat, and it would ſay, go hang.

La. It will ſay ſo ſtill, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I askt it if it would be married, it ſent me of an Errand into *France*, and would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

La. Sir, this is moſt unmanly; pray be gone.

El. Lo. And ſwear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandſome. *La.* Have you no manners in you?

El. Lo. And ſay my back was melted, when Heaven knows I kept it at a charge. Four *Flanders* Mares would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer. *La.* You think all this is true now.

El. Lo. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you.

But ſo much for our mirth. Now have at you in earneſt.

La. There's enough ſir, I deſire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, we'l have a caſt at your beſt parts now,
And then the Devil take the worſt.

La. Pray ſir no more, I am not ſo much affected with your commendations, 'tis almoſt dinner, I know they ſtay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'ne a ſhort Grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach: the ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſleſs woman, the greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be groſs and open: the moſt envious, that at the poor fame of anothers face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it: of ſuch a ſelf-opinion, that you think none can deſerve your glove: and for your malice, you are ſo excellent, you might have been your temptors Tutor: nay, never cry.

La. Your own heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Lo. You ſhall before I leave you.

La. Is all this ſpoke in earneſt?

El. Lo. Yes, and more, as ſoon as I can get it out.

La. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are: let me ſee.

La. One that has us'd you with too much reſpect.

El. Lo. One that has us'd me (ſince you will have it ſo) the baſeſt, the moſt foot-boy like, without reſpect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you have us'd me as I would uſe a jade, ride him off's legs, then turn him to the Commons: you have us'd me with diſcretion, and I thank ye. If you have many more ſuch pretty ſervants, pray build an Hoſpital, and when they are old, pray keep um for ſhame. *La.* I cannot think yet this is ſerious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my part: you are no lover then?

El. Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, the Gods amend all.

El. Lo. Neither do I think there can be ſuch a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with ſuch a froward woman: if there be ſuch, th'are mad, *Jove* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as ſpirited, that I feel my ſelf clean through another creature. O 'tis brave to to be ones own man: I can ſee you now as I would ſee a picture, ſit all day by you, and never kiſs your hand,

hear you ſing, and never fall backward: but with as ſet a temper as I would hear a Fidler, riſe and thank you. I can now keep my money in my purſe, that ſtill was gadding out for Scarfs and Waſtcoats, and keep my hand from Mercers ſheeps skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feaſt my ſelf with two ſhillings, and can ſee a Play for eighteen pence again: I can my Lady, I can.

La. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me ſpeak a little private with you, I muſt not ſuffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not raviſh me? Now, your ſet-ſpeech?

La. Thou perjur'd man.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium.*
And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not ſwear a thouſand thouſand times, you lov'd me beſt of all things?

El. Lo. I do confeſs it: make your uſe of that.

La. Why do you ſay you do not then?

El. Lo. Nay I'le ſwear it.
And give ſufficient reaſon, Yout own uſage.

La. Do you not love me now, then? *El. Lo.* No faith.

La. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?

El. Lo. Yes, but I ſee but rotten fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your hand, for I muſt kiſs it, and take my laſt farewel: now let me die, ſo you be happie.

El. Lo. I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeak dear Lady.

La. No, let me die. *She ſwouns.*

Ma. O my Siſter! *Abig.* O my Lady! help! help!

Mar. Run for ſome *Roſaſolis.*

El. Lo. I have plaid the fine aſs: bend her bodie: Lady, beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Lady, hear your Servant: I am not as I ſhew'd. O wreted fool, to fling away the Jewel of thy life thus! Give her more air: ſee, ſhe begins to ſtir: ſweet Miſtreſs hear me.

La. Is my Servant well? *El. Lo.* In being yours, I am ſo.

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye? Reach a chair there: I confeſs my fault not pardonable, in preſuming thus upon ſuch tenderneſs, my wilful error: but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus ſtrangely; not the world had won me to it: and let not (my beſt Lady) any word ſpoke to any end, diſturb your quiet peace: for ſooner ſhall you know a general ruin, than my faith broken. Do not doubt this Miſtreſs: for by my life I cannot live without you. Come, come,

you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will ſuffer, O I could curſe my ſelf, pray ſmile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely, that you would never ſhew it, though my means was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha. *El. Lo.* How now?

La. I thank you fine fool for your moſt fine plot; this was a ſubtil one, a ſtiff device to have caught Dottrels with: good ſenſleſs ſir, could you imagine I ſhould ſwoun for you, and know your ſelf to be an arrant Aſs? I ha' diſcovered one. 'Tis quit, I thank you ſir, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed ſir, ſhe may chance to ſwoun again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, ſee how ſhe changes colour.

El. Lo. I'le go to hell firſt, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confeſs it, finely fool'd:
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La. Faith 'tis no ſo much worth ſir.
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
I'le have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. I am glad to ſee you merry: pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you.

La. You'l anger him,
And then he'l rail like a rude Coſtermonger,
That School-boys had cozened of his Apples,
As loud and ſenſleſs.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith then let's hear him, ſiſter.

El. Lo. Yes, you ſhall hear me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. Lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
I'le have him Sainted: blows will not do it.

La. By this light he'l beat us. *El. Lo.* You do deſerve it richly.
And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

La. Now he rails. *El. Lo.* Come ſcornful folly.
If this be railing, you ſhall hear me rail.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. Lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud piece of Cobweb-lawn. *La.* You bite ſir.

El. Lo. I would, till the bones crack, and I had my will.

Mar.

Mar. We had beſt muzzle him, he grows mad.

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful in the next great ſickneſs to have the Dogs ſpared, thoſe harmleſs creatures, and knock i'th head theſe hot continual plagues, Women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't. *La.* Are you well ſir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

El. Lo. Green-ginger will cure me.

Abig. I'le heat a Trencher for him.

El. Lo. Dirty *December*, do: Thou with a face as old as *Erra Pater*, ſuch a prognoſticating noſe; thou thing that ten years ſince has left to be a Woman, outworn the expectation of a Bawd; and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or nine-pins; pray go fetch a Trencher, go.

La. Let him alone, he's crackt.

Abig. I'le ſee him hang'd firſt: he's a beaſtly fellow to uſe a woman of my breeding thus, I marry is a: would I were a man, I'de make him eat his knaves words.

El. Lo. Tie your ſhe-Otter up, good Lady Folly: foh, ſhe ſtinks worſe than a Bear-baiting.

La. Why, will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Go paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a Lady!

Abig. Sirrah, look to't againſt the Quarter-ſeſſions; if there be good behaviour in the world, I'le have thee bound to it.

El. Lo. You muſt not ſeek it in your Ladies houſe then: pray ſend this Ferret home, and ſpin good *Abigail.* And Madam, that your Ladiſhip may know in what baſe manner ye have us'd my ſervice, I do from this hour hate ye heartily: and though your folly ſhould whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to ſee my wrongs, 'tis not the endeavour of your life ſhall win me, not all the friends you have make interceſſion; nor your ſubmiſſive Letters, though they ſpoke as many tears as words; not your knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your ſtate, to kiſs you; nor my pardon and will, to give you Chriſtian burial, if you die thus: ſo farewel. When I am married, and made ſure, I'le come and viſit you again, and vex you, Lady. By all my hopes, I'le be a torment to you, worſe than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and ſue to me, but ſave that labour: I'le rather love a fever and continual thirſt, rather contract my youth to drink, and ſacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from an Hoſpital, that Time, Diſeaſes, and *Mercury* had eaten, than to be drawn to love you.

La.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray do; but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, falſe Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me. *Exit* El. Lo.

La. But hark you ſervant, hark ye: is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La. Art thou here ſtill? flie, flie, and call my ſervant; flie, or ne're ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again, than ſee that Raſcal: but I muſt do it. *Exit* Abigail.

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolerie is this in a woman, to uſe thoſe men moſt frowardlie, they love moſt? if I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerved. I hope he's not ſo much himſelf, to take it to th' heart. How now? will he come back?

Abig. Never, he ſwears, whilſt he can hear men ſay there's any woman living: he ſwore he would ha' me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him Wench?

Abig. As well as I could, Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent; and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuſe him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſaieſt true, get me paper, pen and ink, I'le write to him, I'de be loath he ſhould sleep in's anger.

Women are moſt fools when they think th'are wiſeſt. *Ex. omnes.*

Muſick. Enter Young Loveleſs *and Widow, going to be married. With them, his Comrades.*

Wid. Pray ſir caſt off theſe fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledg, and far more your companie. Is't fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are, ſhould bear the name of friends, and furniſh out a civil Houſe? Y'are to be married now; and men that love you, muſt expect a courſe far from your old carriage: if you will keep um, turn um to'th ſtable, and there make um Grooms: and yet now *I* conſider it, ſuch beggars once ſet a Horſe-back, you have heard will ride, how far you had beſt to look to.

Cap. Hear you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelf, and think upon your carriage ſoon at night, what dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what Waſtcoat, what Cordial will do well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean ſir?

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up: if he ſtart well, fear not, but cry Saint *George*, and bear him hard: when you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet, ne're doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

Wid.

Wid. Sir, you hear theſe fellows?

Yo. Lo. Merry companions, Wench, merry companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not to you: You ſhall be civil, and ſlip off theſe baſe trappings.

Cap. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your powdred Sugar, not your rotten Reaſons, ſhall perſwade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him: let him be civil, and feed i'th *Arches*, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: undo him: I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be Civil once) two hundred pounds a year to live with him: Be civil, there's a trim perſwaſion!

Cap. If thou be'ſt civil, Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another noſe, that will be pull'd off by the angry boys for thy converſion: the children thou ſhalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy ſport meer moral lechery: when they are grown, having but little in um, they may prove Haberdaſhers, or groſs Grocers, like their dear Dam there: prethee be civil, Knight, in time thou maiſt read to thy houſhold, and be drunk once a year: this would ſhew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder ſweet heart, you will offer this, you do not underſtand theſe Gentlemen: I will be ſhort and pithie: I had rather caſt you off by the way of charge: theſe are creatures that nothing goes to the maintenance of, but corn and water. I will keep theſe fellows juſt in the competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo, ſir, you have my liking: if they eat leſs, I ſhould not be offended. But how theſe, ſir, can live upon ſo little as corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why prethee ſweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that corn and water, my ſweet Widow?

Wid. I but my ſweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and clothes? that they muſt look for.

Yo. Lo. In this ſhort ſentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink, and Cloath: theſe are no ravening Footmen, no fellows that at Ordinaries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet go hungry to a Play, and crack more nuts than would ſuffice a dozen Squirrels; beſides the din, which is damnable: I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a bear-baiting, than live among ſuch Raſcals: theſe are people of ſuch a clean diſcretion in their diet, of ſuch a moderate ſuſtenance, that they ſweat if they but ſmell hot meat, *Porrenge* is poyſon; they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter; and ſhew um but a Feather-bed, they ſwound. Ale is their eating and

their drinking ſurely, which keeps their bodies clear and ſoluble. Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſht even in their Ale, whoſe loſt room fills an Apple, which is more air, and of ſubtiler nature. The reſt they take is little, and that little is little eaſie: For like ſtrict men of Order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poor ſtubborn Table: if a chimney offer it ſelf with ſome few broken ruſhes, they are in Down. When they are ſick, that's drunk, they may have freſh ſtraw, elſe they do deſpiſe theſe Worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel, 'tis worn out to the diet; new they ſeek none; and if a man ſhould offer, they are angry, ſcarce to be reconciled again with him: you ſhall not hear um ask me a caſt doublet once in a year; which is modeſty befitting my poor friends. You ſee their Wardrobe, though slender, competent: For ſhirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lowſie they will be when they liſt, and mangy, which ſhews a fine variety: and then to cure 'em, a Tanners Lime-pit, which is little charge to Dogs and theſe, theſe two may be cur'd for three-pence.

Wid. You have half perſwaded me, pray uſe your pleaſure: and my good friends, ſince I do know your diet, I'le take an order, meat ſhall not offend you, you ſhall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady; and if we periſh, then our own ſins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boys; when we have done, I'le give you chear in Bowls. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter elder Loveleſs.

Eld. Lo. This ſenſleſs woman vexes me to th' heart, ſhe will not from my memory: would ſhe were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandſom, old or jealous, 't had been an even lay, ſhe might have ſcorn'd me: but to be young, and by this light I think as proper as the proudeſt, made as clean, as ſtraight, as ſtrong backt; means and manners equal with the beſt cloth of ſilver ſir i'th kingdom: but theſe are things at ſome time of the moon below the cut of canvas: ſure ſhe has ſome meaching Raſcal in her houſe, ſome Hind, that ſhe hath ſeen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt upon his back, and ſing with it, thraſh all day, and i'th evening in his ſtockins ſtrike up a horn-pipe, and there ſtink two hours,

hours, and ne're a whit the worſe man: theſe are they, theſe ſteel chind Raſcals that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter Servant.*

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in. *Enter* Welford.

Wel. By your leave ſir.

El. Lo. You are welcome: what's your will, ſir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You muſt Sir. I am the Gentleman you pleaſed to wrong in your diſguiſe, I have enquired you out.

El. Lo. I was diſguiſed indeed ſir, if I wrong'd you. Pray where? and when?

Wel. In ſuch a Ladies houſe, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you, you ſeem'd to be a Sutor to that Lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how ſcurvily you us'd me: that was no place to quarrel in; pray you think of it; if you be honeſt, you dare fight with me, without more urging, elſe I muſt provoke ye.

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a Woman; I will not have her in my cauſe, ſhe is mortal, and ſo is not my anger: if you have brought a nobler ſubject for our ſwords, I am for you: in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you ſay I wrong'd you, 'tis ſo far from my profeſſion, that amongſt my fears, to do wrong is the greateſt: credit me, we have been both abuſed (not by our ſelves, for that I hold a ſpleen, no ſin of malice, and may with man enough be left forgotten), but by that wilful, ſcornful piece of hatred, that much forgetful Ladie; for whoſe ſake if we ſhould leave our reaſon, and run on upon our ſenſe, like Rams, the little World of good men would laugh at us, and deſpiſe us, fixing upon our deſperate memories the never worn out names of Fools and Fencers. Sir, 'tis not fear, but reaſon makes me tell you, in this I had rather help you, ſir, than hurt you; and you ſhall find it, though you throw your ſelf into as many dangers as ſhe offers; though you redeem her loſt name every day, and find her out new honours with your ſword, you ſhall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy ſir, you have tane my edg off: yet I would fain be even with this Ladie.

El. Lo. In which I'le be your helper: We are two, and they are two, two ſiſters, rich alike, only the elder hath the prouder Dowrie:

in troth I pitie this diſgrace in you, yet of mine own I am ſenſeleſs; do but follow my counſel, and i'le pawn my ſpirit we'l over-reach 'em yet. The means is this. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs ſpeak with you, I cannot keep her out, ſhe's entred ſir.

El. Lo. It is the Waiting-woman, pray be not ſeen: Sirrah, hold her in diſcourſe a while: hark in your ear, go and diſpatch it quicklie, when I come in, I'le tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. *Exit* Welford.

El. Lo. Away, 'tis done, ſhe muſt not ſee you. Now Lady *Gwiniver*, What news with you? *Enter* Abigail.

Ab. Pray leave theſe frumps ſir, and receive this Letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanitie?

Abig. 'Tis from my Lady, ſir: Alas good ſoul, ſhe cries and takes on.

El. Lo. Does ſhe ſo, good ſoul? would ſhe not have a Cawdle? does ſhe ſend you with your fine Oratory, goodly *Tully*, to tie me to belief again? Bring out the Cat Hounds, i'le make you take a tree, whore, then with my tiller bring down your *Gibſhip*, and then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

Abig. I am no beaſt ſir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wo'd I did, for *I* am yet very doubtful: What will you ſay now? *Abig.* Nothing not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a Woman, and ſay nothing?

Abig. Unleſs you'l hear me with more moderation: I can ſpeak wiſe enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough: Will your Ladie love me?

Ab. It ſeems ſo by her Letter and her Lamentations: but you are ſuch another man.

El. Lo. Not ſuch another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: i'le read her fine Epiſtle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Miſtreſs mad?

Abig. For you ſhe will be: 'tis a ſhame you ſhould uſe a poor Gentlewoman ſo untowardly; ſhe loves the ground you tread on: and you (hard heart) becauſe ſhe jeſted with you, mean to kill her; 'tis a fine conqueſt, as they ſay.

El. Lo. Haſt thou ſo much moiſture in thy Whitleather hide yet, that thou canſt crie? would have ſworn thou hadſt been Touchwood five years ſince: Nay, let it rain, thy face chops for a ſhower, like a drie Dunghil.

Ab. I'le not endure this Ribaldrie: farewel i'th Devils name: if my Ladie die, ile be ſworn before a Jury thou art the cauſe on't.

El.

El. Lo. Do, Maukin, do; deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to ſee her, if I have no other buſineſs; which before I'le want to come to her, I mean to go ſeek birds-neſts; yet I may come too: but if I come, from this dore till I ſee her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry ſo much, that the Phyſician, if ſhe fall ſick upon't, ſhall want urine to find the cauſe by, and ſhe remedileſs dye in her hereſie. Farewel old Adage, I hope to ſee the Boys make pot-guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God bleſs my iſſue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou haſt but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble ſo; you muſt be ground i'th breech, like a top, you'l ne're ſpin well elſe. Farewel Fychock. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not ſtrange that every Womans will ſhould track out new ways to diſturb her ſelf? if I ſhould call my reaſon to account, it cannot anſwer why I keep my ſelf from mine own wiſh, and ſtop the man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet ſtill go on: I know 'tis like a man that wants his natural sleep, and growing dull, would gladly give the remnant of his life for two hours reſt; yet through his frowardneſs, will rather chuſe to watch another man, drowſie as he, than take his own repoſe. All this I know; yet a ſtrange peeviſhneſs and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruin: I had rather die ſometimes, than not diſgrace in publick him whom people think I love, and do't with oaths, and am in earneſt then. O what are we! Men, you muſt anſwer this, that dare obey ſuch things as we command. How now? what news? *Enter* Abigail.

Ab. Faith Madam, none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come?

Ab. No truly. *La.* Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your ſelf.

La. Why, but what ſays he?

Ab. Faith he talks ſtrangely. *La.* How ſtrangely?

Ab. Firſt at your Letter he laught extreamly.

La. What in contempt?

Ab. He laught monſtrous loud, as he would dye; and when you wrote it, I think you were in no ſuch merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laught again. *La.* Did he? *Ab.* Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? Why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deſerve it; he had been a fool, an unfit man for any one to love, had

had he not laught thus at me. You were angry, that ſhew'd your folly; I ſhall love him more for that, than all that ere he did before. But ſaid he nothing elſe?

Ab. Many uncertain things he ſaid: Though you had mockt him, becauſe you were a woman, he could wiſh to do you ſo much favour as to ſee you: yet he ſaid, he knew you raſh, and was loath to offend you with the ſight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave. *La.* What one was that?

Ab. I know not; but truly I do fear there is a making up there: for I heard the ſervants, as I paſt by ſome, whiſper ſuch a thing; and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in haſte, which they ſaid were for their Miſtreſs Joynture.

La. 'Tis very like and fit it ſhould be ſo, for he does think, and reaſonably think, that I ſhould keep him with my idle tricks, for ever ere he be married.

Ab. At laſt he ſaid, it ſhould go hard but he would ſee you for your ſatisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and give reſpect there where we are reſpected: yet we practiſe a wilder courſe, and never bend our eyes on men with pleaſure, till they find the way to give us a neglect: then we, too late, perceive the loſs of what we might have had, and dote till death. *Enter* Martha.

Mar. Siſter, yonder's your Servant with a Gentlewoman with him.

La. Where? *Mar.* Cloſe at the dore.

La. Ah! alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of Woman is ſhe?

Mar. A moſt ill-favoured one, with her mask on.
And how her face ſhould mend the reſt, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder ſtuff than mine was.

Enter elder Loveleſs, *and* Welford *in Womens apparel.*

La. Now I ſee him, if my heart ſwell not again, (away thou womans pride) ſo that I cannot ſpeak a gentle word to him, let me not live. *El. Lo.* By your leave here.

La. How now? what new trick invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device again?

El. Lo. Faith this is the fineſt device I have now:
How doſt thou ſweet heart?

Wel. Why very well, ſo long as I may pleaſe
You my dear Lover; I nor can nor will

Be

Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy ſweet temper! What would I have given that Lady had been like thee! ſeeſt thou her? that face (my Love) join'd with thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my Love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend: I uſe no paint, nor any drugs of art, my hands and face will ſhew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to ſhew us there? do you take money for it?

El. Lo. A thing not to be bought for money; 'tis my Miſtreſs, in whom there is no paſſion, nor no ſcorn; what I will, is her Law; pray you ſalute her.

La. Salute her! by this good light I would not kiſs her for half my Wealth. *El. Lo.* Why? Why pray you?
You ſhall ſee me do't afore you. Look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a beaſt would not have don't; I would not kiſs thee of a Month, to gain a Kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry you ſhall not be troubled.

La. Why, was there ever ſuch a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are ſhape and colour elſe but pictures? in that tawny Hide there lies an endleſs maſs of Virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is ſhe you are to marrie, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy. *El. Lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wiſh:
The like to you when ever you ſhall wed.

Eld. Lov. O gentle ſpirit. *La.* You thank me? I pray keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much leſs a Ladie of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, ſweet.

La. I do not think this Woman can by nature be thus,
Thus uglie; ſure ſhe's ſome common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exerciſe of ſin.

Wel. O ſir, believe not this, for Heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any man: my Honour ta'ne away, I am no Woman.

El. Lo. Ariſe my deareſt ſoul, I do not credit it. Alas, *I* fear her tender heart will break with this reproach: fie, that you know no more civilitie to a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter ſweet, let her ſay what

what ſhe will, thou art not worſe to me, and therefore not at all: be careleſs.

Wel. For all things elſe I would, but for mine Honour, methinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine Honour is not ſtain'd;
Is this the buſineſs that you ſent for me about?

Mar. Faith Siſter you are much to blame to uſe a Woman, whatſoe're ſhe be, thus: i'le ſalute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild yet as the Dove, for all theſe injuries. Come, ſhall we go? I love thee not ſo ill, as to keep thee here a jeſting-ſtock. Adieu to the Worlds end. *La.* Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you ſhall never know, becauſe you ſhall never find me.

La. I pray let me ſpeak with you. *El. Lo.* 'Tis very well, come.

La. I pray you let me ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.

La. By Heaven I have no mocks: good ſir a word.

El. Lo. Though you deſerve not ſo much at my hands, yet if you be in ſuch earneſt, i'le ſpeak a word with you, but I beſeech you be brief; for in good faith there's a Parſon and a Licenſe ſtay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatſoever I have heretofore ſpoken jeſtingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I ſhall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

La. Was not I once your Miſtreſs, and you my Servant?

Eld. Lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay good ſir ſtay me out. I would but hear you excuſe your ſelf, why you ſhould take this Woman, and leave me?

El. Lo. Prethee why not? deſerves ſhe not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your faces 'tis true; but if judicially we ſhall caſt our eyes upon your minds, you are a thouſand women off her in worth: ſhe cannot ſwound in jeſt, nor ſet her Love tasks to ſhew her peeviſhneſs, and his affection; nor croſs what he ſays, though it be canonical. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me luſty Boys to throw the sledg, and lift at pigs of lead: and for a Wife, ſhe's far beyond you: What can you do in a houſhold to provide for your iſſue, but lie a bed and get um? your buſineſs is to dreſs you, and at idle hours to eat; when ſhe can do a thouſand profitable things: ſhe can do pretty well in the Paſtry, and knows how

how Pullen ſhould be cramb'd, ſhe cuts Cambrick at a thred, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that ſhe were far beyond me in all reſpects, does that give you a licence to forſwear your ſelf?

Eld. Lo. Forſwear my ſelf, How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have uttered, in diſclaiming all for wives, but me.

Eld. Lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever underſtood. Admit I ſhould proteſt to ſuch a friend, to ſee him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were ſtruck blind, or he hid him where my diligent ſearch could not find him, ſo there was no croſs act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant to force to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my ſelf, and then you are forſworn.

Eld. Lo. Some ſin I ſee indeed muſt neceſſarily fall upon me, as whoſoever deals with women, ſhall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuſe the leaſt ill: which is, to forſake you that have done me all the abuſes of a malignant woman, contemn'd my ſervice, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had been paſt getting of Children; rather then her that hath forſaken her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

La. Which of us ſwore you firſt to? *Eld. Lo.* Why to you?

La. Which oath is to be kept then?

Eld. Lo. I Prethee do not urge my ſins unto me,
Without I could amend um. *La.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

Eld. Lo. How will that ſatisfie my word to her?

La. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no ſatisfaction.
'Tis an error fit for repentance only.

Eld. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted Virgin ſo?
It may not be. *La.* Why may it not be?

Eld. Lo. I ſwear I had rather marry thee than her: but yet mine honeſty?

La. What honeſty? 'Tis more preſerv'd this way.
Come, by this light ſervant thou ſhalt, Ile kiſs thee on't.

Eld. Lo. This kiſs indeed is ſweet, pray God no ſin lie under it.

La. There's no ſin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my heart! *Mar.* Help ſiſter, this Lady ſwouns.

Eld. Lo. How do you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be ſo; a moſt ungodly thing! *Eld. Lo.* Hear me one word more, which by

all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath, when you delay'd me ſo, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay ſuddenly, as late as it is, with your own Miniſter to your own Chappel, Ile wed you, and to bed.

La. A match dear ſervant.

Eld. Lo. For if you ſhould forſake me now, I care not; ſhe would not though for all her Injuries, ſuch is her ſpirit: if I be not aſhamed to kiſs her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I ſee you go; as slily as you think to ſteal away, yet I will pray for you; All bleſſings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All curſes on me, if I do not ſpeak what I do wiſh indeed.

Eld. Lo. If I can ſpeak to purpoſe to her, I am a Villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Siſter, will you marry that inconſtant man? think you he will not caſt you off to morrow? to wrong a Lady thus, look't ſhe like dirt, 'twas baſely done. May you ne're proſper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, ſo I told him.

Mar. That was your modeſty; too good for him:
I would not ſee your wedding for a world.

La. Chuſe, chuſe, come *Younglove.* *Ex. La. Eld. Lo.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes forſooth, you ſhall not think we are all uncivil. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No, let me ſuffer; truly that I deſire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you ſhall ſtay all night: your bed ſhall be no worſe than mine; I wiſh I could but do you right. *Wel.* My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quite your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs and Savill.

Yo. Lo. Did your Maſter ſend for me, *Savill?*

Sav. Yes, he did ſend for your Worſhip ſir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the buſineſs?

Sav. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imploy'd beyond my hours of eating. My dancing-days are done ſir.

Yo. Lo. What are you now then?

Sav. If you conſider me in little, I am with your Worſhips reverence ſir, a Raſcal; one that upon the next anger of your brother, muſt raiſe a ſconce by the high way, and ſell ſwitches: My Wife is learning now to weave Incle.

Yo. Lo. What doſt thou mean to do with thy Children, *Savill?*

Sav. My eldeſt Boy is half a rogue already, he was born burſten, and

and your Worſhip knows, that's a pretty ſtep to mens compaſſions: My youngeſt Boy I purpoſe, ſir, to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may ſhew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your family is quartered with diſcretion; you are reſolved to Cant then: Where *Savill* ſhall your Scene lie?

Sav. Beggers muſt be no cuhſers;
In every place (I take it) but the ſtocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savill*;
I told you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the firſt that told me of it indeed, I do remember yet in tears; you told me you would have whores, and in that paſſion ſir, you broke out thus; Thou miſerable man repent, and brew three ſtrikes more in a Hogſhead: 'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Yo. Lo. Y'are grown a bitter Gentleman. I ſee miſery can clear your head better than muſtard. Ile be a Sutor for your Keys again ſir.

Sav. Will you but be ſo gracious to me ſir, I ſhall be bound.

Yo. Lo. You ſhall ſir, to your Bunch again, or Ile miſs fouly.

Enter Morecraft.

More. Save you Gentleman, ſave you.

Yo. Lo. Now Polcat, what young Rabbets neſt have you to draw?

More. Come, prethee be familiar, Knight.

Yo. Lo. Away Fox, I'le ſend for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wide yet: i'le keep thee company.

Yo. Lo. I am about ſome buſineſs; Indentures,
If you follow me i'le beat you; take heed,
As I live i'le cancel your coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Uſurer.
What poor fellow's this? *Sav.* I am poor indeed ſir.

More. Give him money Knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

More. There poor fellow, here's an angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earneſt *Morecraft*?

More. Yes faith Knight, i'le follow thy example: thou hadſt land, and thouſands thou ſpent'ſt and flungſt away, and yet it flows in double: I purchas'd, wrung and wier-draw'd for my wealth, loſt and was cozen'd: for which I make a vow, to try all the ways above ground, but i'le find a conſtant means to riches without curſes.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your converſion Mr. *Morecraft*.
Y'are in a fair courſe, pray purſue it ſtill.

More. Come, we are all Gallants now, i'le keep thee company: here

honeſt fellow, for this Gentlemans ſake, ther's two angels more for thee.

Sav. Heaven quite you ſir, aud keep you long in this mind.

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou perſevere?

More. Till I have a penny. I have brave cloaths a making, and two horſes; canſt thou help me to a match Knight? i'le lay a thouſand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. Foot, this is ſtranger then an *Africk* Monſter;
There will be no more talk of wars
Whilſt this laſts; come, i'le put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted. I beſeech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of my Keys; I like his good beginning ſir, the whilſt i'le pray for both your Worſhips. *Yo. Lo.* He ſhall ſir.

More. Shall we go, noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'le be your ſervant ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eld. Loveleſs, and Lady.

Eld. Lo. Faith my ſweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your ſubtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

La. Prithee ſweet-heart tell true.

Eld. Lo. By this light, by all the pleaſures I have had this night, by your loſt maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have caſt beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer, *Welford.*

La. It cannot be ſo.

Eld. Lo. Your ſiſter has found it ſo, or I miſtake: mark how ſhe bluſhes when you ſee her next. Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall not travel now: ha, ha, ha. *La.* Prithee ſweet-heart, be quiet, thou haſt angred me at heart. *Eld. Lo.* I'le pleaſe you ſoon again. *La. Welford!*

Eld. Lo. I *Welford*; he's a young handſome fellow, well bred and landed: your ſiſter can inſtruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time. *La.* Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

Eld. Lo. Yes ifaith. And over ſhalt be fecht again, never fear it.

La. I muſt be patient, though it torture me: You have got the Sun ſir.

Eld. Lo. And the Moon too, in which i'le be the man.

La. But had I known this, had I but ſurmiz'd it, you ſhould have hunted three trains more before you had come to'th courſe; you ſhould have hankt o'th bridle ſir, ifaith.

Eld. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you; and ſo blew you up. Now you may ſee the Gentlewoman: ſtand cloſe.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods ſake ſir, be private in this buſineſs.
You have undone me elſe. O Heaven, what have I done?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee. *Mar.*

Mar. How ſhall I look upon my friends again? with what face?

Wel. Why e'ne with this: 'tis a good one, thou canſt not find a better: look upon all the faces thou ſhalt ſee there, and you ſhall find um ſmooth ſtill, fair ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and to your thinking honeſt: thoſe have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, Miſtreſs, and yet they keep no ſtir.

Mar. Good ſir go in, and put your womans cloaths on: If you be ſeen thus, I am loſt for ever.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Miſtreſs, I am no fool: here will I tarry till the houſe be up, and witneſs with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend go in.

Wel. To bed again if you pleaſe, elſe I am fixt here till there be notice taken who I am, what I have done: if you could juggle me into my Womanhood again, and ſo cog me out of your company, all this would be forſworn, and I again an Aſinego, as your ſiſter left me. No, Ile have it known and publiſht, then if you'l be a Whore, forſake me and be aſhamed; and when you can hold out no longer, marry ſome caſt *Cleve* Captain, and ſell Bottle-Ale.

Mar. I dare not ſtay ſir, uſe me modeſtly, I am your Wife.

Wel. Go in, I'le make up all.

El. Lo. I'le be a witneſs of your naked truth ſir: This is the Gentlewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me break my faith, ſweet: but thank your ſiſter, ſhe hath ſoder'd it.

La. What a dull Aſs was I, I could not ſee this *Welford* from a Wench: twenty to one if I had been but tender, like my ſiſter, he had ſerved me ſuch a ſlippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I would have watcht you, ſir, by your good patience, for ferretting in my ground.

La. You have been with my ſiſter.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. Lo. An Heir into the world he means.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours, that's the leaſt, I am reaſonable cool now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bleſs the Founders, is either ſurfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found ſo ſweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.

El. Lo. How like you this Diſh *Welford?* I made a ſupper on't, and fed ſo heartily, I could not ſleep.

La.

La. By this light, had I but ſcented out your train, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your arms, and kiſt that, or elſe the bed-poſt, for any wife you had got this twelve-month yet: I would have vext you more than a tyr'd Poſt-horſe, and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Iriſh* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake ye, were you again a Haggard, for the beſt caſt of Ladies i'th Kingdom: you were ever tickle-footed, and would not truſs round.

Wel. Is ſhe faſt? *El. Lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of loſing: take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your ſiſter: Lord, what a pretty fury ſhe was in, when ſhe perceiv'd I was a man: but I think I ſatisfied her ſcruple without the Parſon o'th Town.

El. Lo. What did ye? *Wel.* Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a ſhrewd gueſs at it, I ſee it by her.

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but ſeen into you, you ſhould have had another bed-fellow fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, me thought it was well: you are ſo curious.

Enter Young Loveleſs, *his Lady*, Morecraft, Savill, *and two Serving-men.*

El. Lo. Get on your Doublet; here comes my brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

More. God ſave you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this ſhames me!

More. Prithee good fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

Ser. I will ſir.

Yo. Lo. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will ſhe? is ſhe not netled ſtill? *El. Lo.* No, I have cur'd her. Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my brother.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall not be your debtor ſir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, man: I am married: your new acquaintance hath her ſiſter, and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady ſiſter, How do you find my Brother. *La.* Almoſt as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. Hee'l make the better Husband: you have tried him?

La. Againſt my will ſir.

Yo. Lo. Hee'l make you well amends ſoon, do not doubt it; But ſir, I muſt intreat you to be better known.

To

To this unconverted *Jew* here.
Serv. Here's Beer for you ſir.
More. And here's for you an Angel.
Pray buy no land, 'twill never proſper ſir. *El. Lo.* How's this?
Yo. Lo. Bleſs you, and then i'le tell you: he's turned Gallant.
El. Lo. Gallant!
Yo. Lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft.*
The Reaſon i'le inform you at more leiſure.
Wel. O good ſir, let me know him preſently.
Yo. Lo. You ſhall hug one another.
More. Sir, I muſt keep you company. *El. Lo.* And reaſon.
Yo. Lo. Cutting Morecraft faces about, I muſt preſent another.
More. As many as you will ſir, I am for 'um.
Wel. Sir, I ſhall do you ſervice.
More. I ſhall look for't in good faith Sir.
El. Lo. Prithee good Sweet-heart kiſs him.
La. Who's that fellow?
Sav. Sir, will it pleaſe you to remember me? my Keys good ſir.
Yo. Lo. I'le do it preſently.
El. Lo. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs him for our ſports ſake.
La. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not inſtruct me in theſe tricks, for you may repent it.
El. Lo. That at my peril. Luſty Mr. *Morecraft*,
Here is a Lady would ſalute you.
More. She ſhall not loſe her longing ſir: What is ſhe?
Eld. Lo. My wife ſir. *More.* She muſt be then my Miſtreſs.
La. Muſt I ſir? *El. Lo.* O yes, you muſt.
More. And you muſt wear this Ring, a poor pawn,
ſome fifty pound.
El. Lo. Take it by any means, 'tis a lawful prize.
La. Sir, I ſhall call you Servant.
More. I ſhall be proud on't. What fellow's that?
Yo. Lo. My Ladies Coachman.
More. There's ſomething (my friend) for you to buy whips,
And for you ſir, and you ſir.
El. Lo. Under a miracle this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.
More. What, ſhall we play, or drink? What ſhall we do?
Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?
Wel. Stranger and ſtranger!
Sir, you ſhall find ſport after a day or two.
Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a ſuit unto you

Concerning

Concerning your old Servant *Savill.*

El. Lo. O for his Keys. I know it. *Sa.* Now ſir, ſtrike in.

More. Sir, I muſt have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done ſir, take your Keys again:
But hark you *Savill*, leave off the motions
Of the fleſh, and be honeſt, or elſe you wall graze again:
I'le try you once again.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggeſt Key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it ſir: I humbly thank your Worſhip.

El. Lo. Nay then, I ſee we muſt keep holiday, *Enter Roger and Abigail.*
Here's the laſt couple in Hell.

Ro. Joy be among you all.

La. Why now ſir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

Ro. Marriage an't like your Worſhip.

La. Are you married?

Ro. As faſt as the next Prieſt could do it, Madam.

El. Lo. I think the ſign's in *Gemini*, here's ſuch coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your Sweet-heart to night.

Ro. Not the beſt Benefice in your Worſhips gift Sir.

Wel. A whorſon, how he ſwells!

Yo. Lo. How many times to night, ſir *Roger?*

Ro. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous.
What I ſhall do, I ſhall do, I ſhall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For Horſe-fleſh *Roger?*

El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

La. It ſhall be ſo ſir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We ſhall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. Welford, get you to the Church: by this light
You ſhall not lie with her again, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

More. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a piece, and it ſhall go hard,
But every one a jewel: Come, be mad boys.

Eld. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you ſhall have the *Van*, and lead the way:
Would every dogged Wench had ſuch a day.

FINIS.